

Dr. Samuel Lewis

Philadelphia,

Presents Reprint of "An Oration
which might have been delivered to
the Students in Anatomy on the
reunion between the two schools
in this city, Philadelphia 1789"

[Being No 3 of the edition of eleven
copies.]

Given Stone

Stone

May 17 182.

Enr. June 3/182

Return this to me

Blair

Dr. B. Kings

Dr. Sam. Lewis's

best regards -

AN

O R A T I O N,

ETC.

NOTE.

THIS ORATION is one of the rarest of the early American publications. Although originally printed *sine nomine*, the authorship is determined by the fact that the Oration is included in a collection of the writings of the celebrated Judge Hopkinson, published in 1792, in three volumes, entitled:

THE MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND OCCASIONAL WRITINGS OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON Esq.

PHILADELPHIA: PRINTED BY T. DOBSON, AT THE STONE HOUSE,
No. 41 SECOND STREET. MDCCXCII.

A preliminary note to the first volume states that "The following pieces were copied out and prepared for the press by the author before his death."

In a copy of the Oration deposited in the Library of the College of Physicians of this city, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, there is a paragraph inserted, cut from the MS. diary (now lost) of Dr. Chovet, dated "March 6th 1789," which runs thus:

"Staid at home all day, Dr. Duffield sent me the Poem entitled An Oration on Anatomy that should have been delivered by Dr. Shippen and Dr Foulke instead of disputing and falling out. A very humorous and well wrote piece supposed by Judge Hopkins." [sic]

This interesting scrap shows that from the first (1789) Judge Hopkinson was supposed to be the author of the "humorous and well wrote piece," and it also clearly indicates that Dr. Shippen and Dr. Foulke were recognized as the belligerent Anatomists.

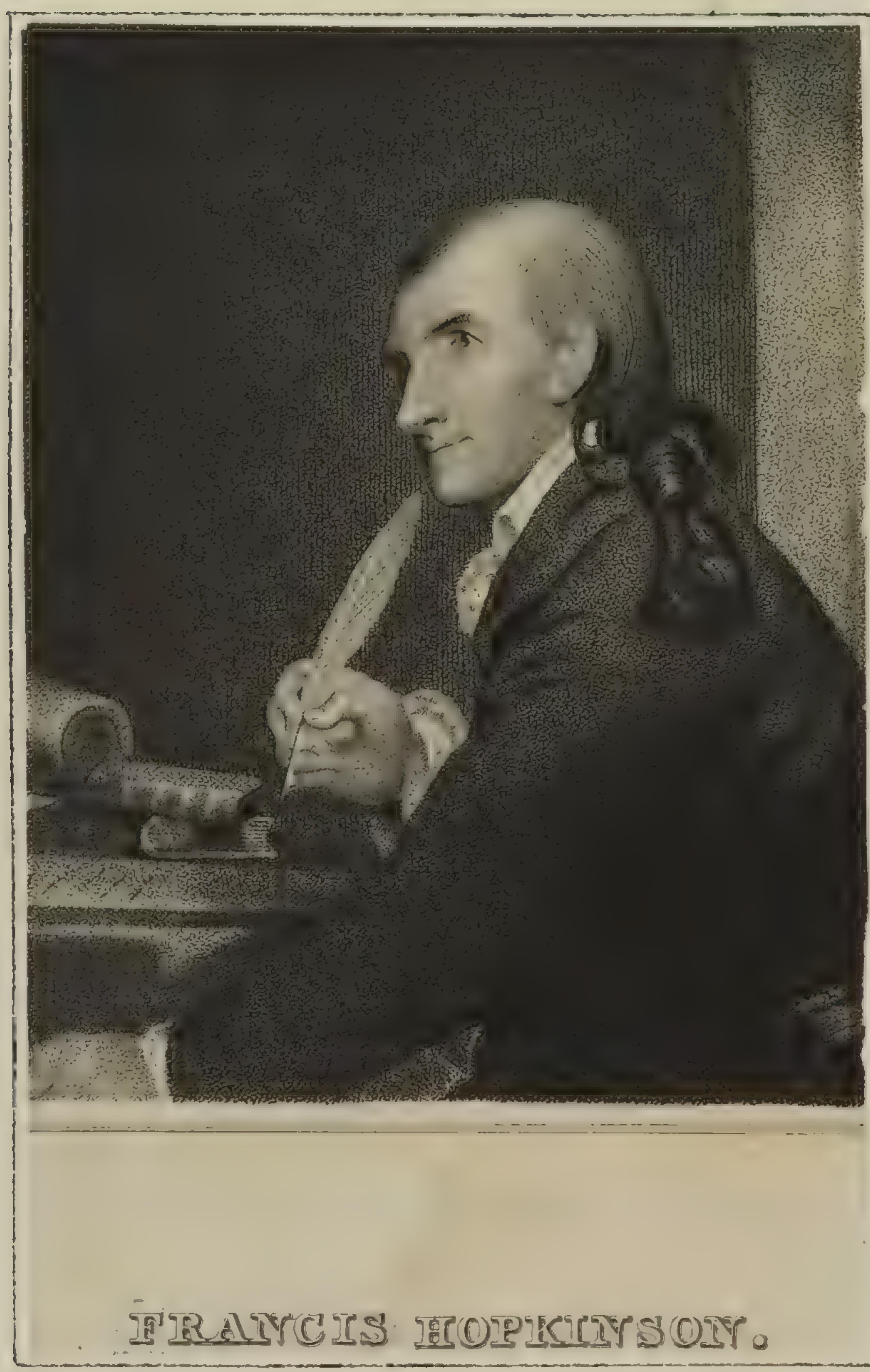
ELEVEN COPIES of the Oration have been reprinted by Dr. Edward A. Smith, at his private press, as nearly as possible in *fac simile* from a very fine copy in the Lewis-Library of the College of Physicians. Each copy is numbered.

Philadelphia, April 1882.

ELEVEN COPIES PRINTED

No. 3.

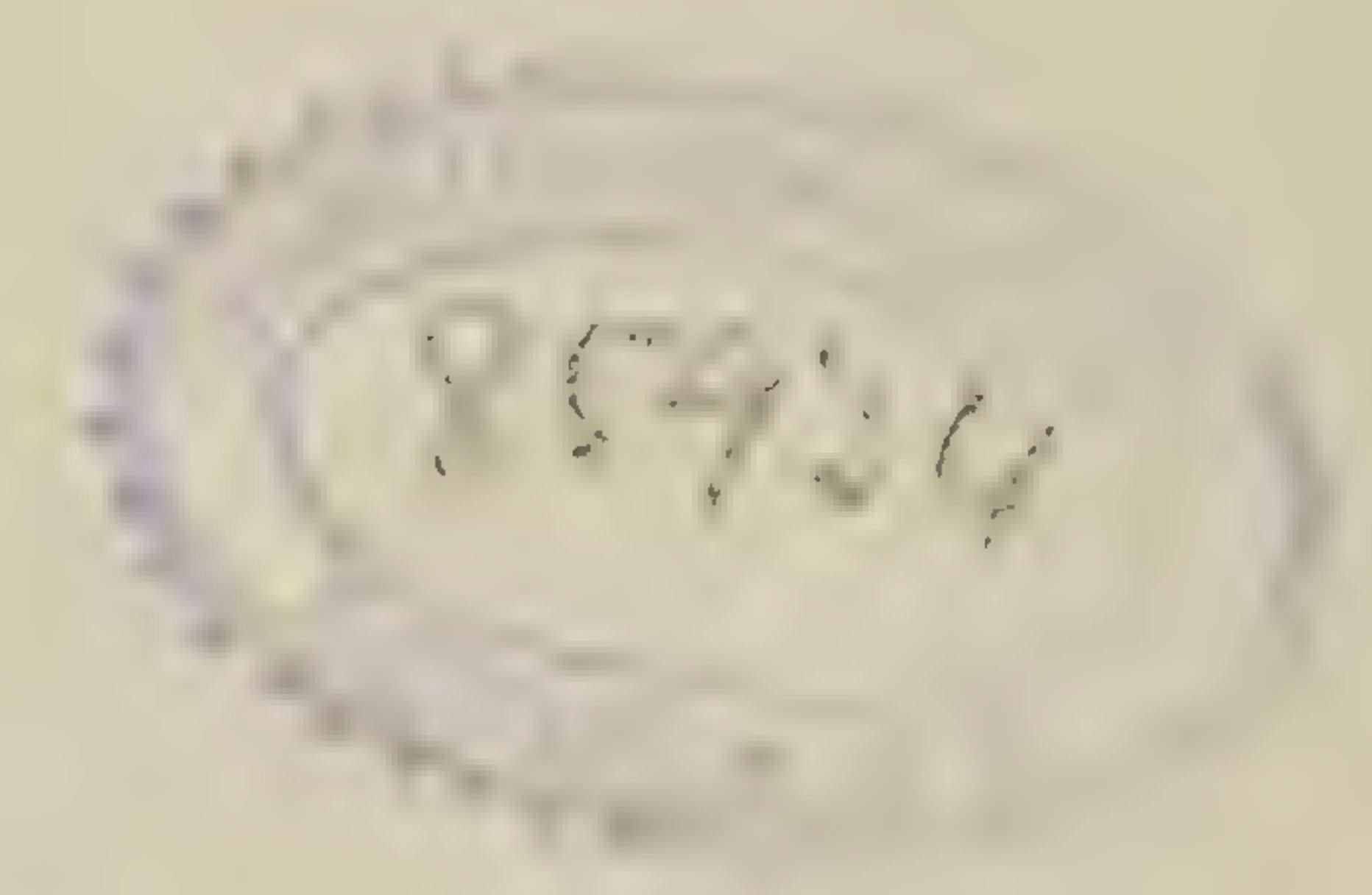
To The Library of the Surgeon General's Office
Washington, D. C.



FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

A N
O R A T I O N,
WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN DELIVERED
TO THE
STUDENTS IN *ANATOMY*,
ON THE
L A T E R U P T U R E
BETWEEN
THE TWO SCHOOLS IN THIS CITY.

P H I L A D E L P H I A:
PRINTED BY T. DOBSON AND T. LANG, IN SECOND STREET.
FEBRUARY, 1789.



The ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS—the folly and danger of dissention—the Orator enumerates the enemies of the fraternity—reminds them of a late unseasonable interruption—a night scene in the Potter's Field—he laments the want of true zeal in the brotherhood—and boasts of his own—the force of a ruling passion—the earth considered as a great animal—the passion of love not the same in a true son of Esculapius as in other men—his own amour—a picture of his mistress in high taste—shews his learning in the description of her mouth, arm and hand—his mistress dies—his grief—and extraordinary consolation—his unparalleled fidelity—he apologizes for giving this history of his amour—the great difficulties Anatomists have to encounter in the present times, arising from false delicacy, prejudice and ignorance—a strong instance in proof

proof that it was not so formerly—curious argument to prove the inconsistency of the present opinions respecting the practice—he mentions many obstacles in the road to science—and reproaches them for their intestine broils, at a time when not only popular clamour is loud, but even the powers of government are exerted against them—he then encourages his brethren with hopes of better times, founded on the establishment of the College of Physicians—is inspired with the idea of the future glory of that institution—and prophesies great things.



A N

O R A T I O N,

WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN DELIVERED, &c.

FRIENDS and associates! lend a patient ear,
Suspend intestine broils and reason hear.
Ye followers of F—— your wrath forbear—
Ye sons of S—— your invectives spare;
The fierce dissention your high minds pursue
Is sport for others—ruinous to you.

SURELY some fatal influenza reigns,
Some epidemic *rabies* turns your brains—
Is this a time for brethren to engage
In public contest and in party rage?

B

Fell

Fell discord triumphs in your doubtful strife
 And, smiling, whets her anatomic knife;
 Prepar'd to cut our precious limbs away
 And leave the bleeding body to decay—

SEEK ye for foes!—alas, my friends, look round,
 In ev'ry street, see num'rous foes abound!
 Methinks I hear them cry, in varied tones,
 “Give us our father's—brother's—sister's bones.”
 Methinks I see a mob of sailors rise—
 Revenge!—revenge! they cry—and damn their eyes—
 Revenge for comrade Jack, whose flesh, they say,
 You minc'd to morsels and then threw away.
 Methinks I see a black infernal train—
 The genuine offspring of accursed *Cain*—
 Fiercely on you their angry looks are bent,
 They grin and gibber dangerous discontent
 And seem to say—“Is there not meat enough?
 “Ah! maffa cannibal, why eat poor CUFF?”
 Even hostile watchmen stand in strong array
 And o'er our heads their threat'ning staves display,

Howl

Howl hideous discord thro' the noon of night
And shake their dreadful lanthorns in our sight.

SAY, are not these sufficient to engage
Your high wrought souls eternal war to wage?
Combine your strength these monsters to subdue
No friends of science and sworn foes to you;
On these—on these your wordy vengeance pour
And strive our fading glory to restore.

AH! think how, late, our mutilated rites
And midnight orgies, were by sudden frights
And loud alarms profan'd—the sacrifice,
Stretch'd on a board before our eager eyes,
All naked lay—ev'n when our chieftain stood
Like a high priest, prepar'd for shedding blood;
Prepar'd, with wondrous skill, to cut or slash
The gentle sliver or the deep drawn gash;
Prepar'd to plunge ev'n elbow deep in gore
Nature and nature's secrets to explore—
Then a tumultuous cry— a sudden fear—
Proclaim'd the foe— th' enraged foe is near—

In

In some dark hole the hard got corse was laid
And we, in wild confusion, fled dismay'd.

THINK how, like brethren, we have shar'd the toil
When in the Potter's Field* we sought for spoil,
Did midnight ghosts and death and horror brave
To delve for science in the dreary grave—
Shall I remind you of that awful night
When our compacted band maintain'd the fight
Against an armed host? fierce was the fray
And yet we bore our sheeted prize away.
Firm on a horse's back the corse was laid,
High blowing winds the winding sheet display'd;
Swift flew the steed—but still his burthen bore—
Fear made him fleet, who ne'er was fleet before;
O'er tombs and funken graves he cours'd around,
Nor ought respected consecrated ground.
Mean time the battle rag'd—so loud the strife,
The dead were almost frighten'd into life—

Tho'

* THE Negro burial ground.

(9)

Tho' not victorious, yet we scorn'd to yield,
Retook our prize and left the doubtful field.

IN this degen'rate age, alas! how few
The paths of science with true zeal purfue?
Some trifling contest, some delusive joy
Too oft th' unsteady minds of youth employ.
For me—whom ESCULAPIUS hath inspir'd—
I boast a soul with love of science fir'd;
By one great object is my heart possest—
One ruling passion quite absorbs the rest—
In this bright point my hopes and fears unite;
And one purfuit alone can give delight.

To me things are not as to vulgar eyes,
I would all nature's works anatomize—
This world a living monster seems, to me,
Rolling and sporting in th' aerial sea;
The soil encompasses her rocks and stones
As flesh in animals encircles bones.
I see vast ocean, like a heart in play,
Pant *syphole* and *diaftole* ev'ry day,

C

And

And by unnumber'd *venous* streams supply'd
 Up her broad rivers force th' *arterial* tide. [shew
 The world's great lungs, monsoons and trade-winds
 From east to west, from west to east they blow
 Alternate respiration—
 The hills are pimples which earth's face defile,
 And burning *Ætna*, an eruptive boil:
 On her high mountains *hairy* forests grow,
 And *downy* grass o'erspreads the vales below;
 From her vast body perspirations rise
 Condense in clouds and float beneath the skies.
 Thus fancy, faithful servant of the heart,
 Transforms all nature by her magic art.

Ev'n mighty LOVE, whose pow'r all pow'r controuls,
 Is not, in me, like love in other souls---
 Yet I have lov'd---and CUPID's subtle dart
 Hath thro' my *pericardium* pierc'd my heart.
 Brown CADAVERA did my soul ensnare,
 Was all my thought by night and daily care---

I long'd

(11)

I long'd to clasp, in her transcendent charms,
A living skeleton within my arms.

LONG, lank and lean, my CADAVERA stood,
Like the tall pine, the glory of the wood---
Ofttimes I gaz'd, with learned skill to trace
The sharp edg'd beauties of her bony face---
There rose *Os frontis* prominent and bold,
In deep funk *orbits* two large eye-balls roll'd,
Beneath those eye-balls, two arch'd bones were seen
Whereon two flabby cheeks hung loose and lean;
Between those cheeks, protuberant arose,
In form triangular, her lovely nose,
Like EGYPT's pyramid it seem'd to rise,
Scorn earth, and bid defiance to the skies;
Thin were her lips, and of a fallow hue,
Her open mouth expos'd her teeth to view;
Projecting strong, protuberant and wide
Stood *incisores*---and on either side
The *canine* rang'd, with many a beauteous flaw,
And last the *grinders*, to fill up the jaw---

All

All in their *alveoli* fix'd secure,
Articulated by *gomphosis* sure.
Around her mouth, perpetual smiles had made
Wrinkles wherein the loves and graces play'd;
There, stretch'd and rigid by continual strain,
Appear'd the *xygomatic* muscles plain,
And broad *montanus* o'er her peeked chin
Extended, to support the heav'nly grin.
In amorous dalliance oft I stroak'd her arm,
Each rifing muscle was a rising charm.
O'er the *flexores* my fond fingers play'd,
I found instruction with delight convey'd—
There *carpus*, *cubitus* and *radius* too
Were plainly felt and manifest to view.
No muscles on her lovely hand were seen,
But only bones envelop'd by a skin.
Long were her fingers and her knuckles bare,
Much like the claw-foot of a walnut chair.
So plain was complex *matacarpus* shewn
It might be fairly counted bone by bone.

Her slender *phalanxes* were well defin'd
 And each with each by *ginglymus* combin'd.
 Such were the charms that did my fancy fire
 And love—chaste scientific love inspire.

AT length my CADAVERA fell beneath
 The fatal stroke of all subduing death—
 Three days in grief—three nights in tears I spent,
 And sighs incessant gave my sorrows vent.

FEW are th' examples of a love so true—
 Ev'n from her death I consolation drew,
 And in a secret hour approach'd her grave
 Resolv'd her precious corse from worms to save;
 With active haste remov'd the incumbent clay,
 Seiz'd the rich prize and bore my love away.

HER naked charms now lay before my sight,
 I gaz'd with rapture and supreme delight,
 Nor could forbear, in extasy, to cry—
 Beneath that shrivell'd skin what treasures lie!
 Then feasted to the full my amorous soul,
 And skinn'd and cut and slash'd without controul.

'T was then I saw, what long I 'd wish'd to see,
 That heart which panted oft for love and me—
 In detail view'd the form I once ador'd,
 And nature's hidden mysteries explor'd.

ALAS! too truly did the wise man say
 That flesh is grafts, and subject to decay—
 Not so the bones—of substance firm and hard
 Long they remain th' Anatomists reward.
 Wife nature, in her providential care,
 Did, kindly, bones from vile corruption spare,
 That sons their father's skeletons might have
 And heav'n born science triumph o'er the grave.

My true love's bones I boil'd—from fat and lean
 These hands industrious scrap'd them fair and clean,
 And ev'ry bone did to it's place restore,
 As Nature's hand had plac'd them long before;
 These fingers twisted ev'ry pliant wire
 With patient skill, urg'd on by strong desire.
 Now what remains of CADAVERA 's mine,
 Securely hanging in a cage of pine.

OFTTIMES I sit and contemplate her charms,
 Her nodding skull and her long dangling arms,
 'Till quite inflam'd with passion for the dead
 I take her beauteous skeleton to bed—
 There stretch'd, at length, close to my faithful side
 She lies all night a lovely grinning bride.—

EXCUSE, my friends, this detail of my love,
 You must th' intent, if not the tale approve;
 By facts exemplary I meant to shew
 To what extent a genuine zeal will go.
 A mind, so fix'd, will not be drawn aside
 By vain dissensions or a partial pride;
 But ev'ry hostile sentiment subdue
 And keep the ruling passion still in view.

FALSE delicacy—prejudices strong,
 Which no distinctions know 'twixt right and wrong,
 Against our noble science spend their rage
 And mark th' ignorance of this vulgar age.

TIME was, when men their living flesh would spare
 And to the knife their quiv'ring *nates* bare,

That

That skilful surgeons* noses might obtain
 For noses lost—and cut and come again—
 But now the *living* churlishly refuse
 To give their dead relations to our use;
 Talk of decorum—and a thousand whims—
 Whene'er we hack their wives' or daughters' limbs;
 And yet their tables daily they supply
 With the rich fruits of sad mortality;
 Will pick, and gut and cook a chicken's corse,
 Dissect and eat it up, without remorse;
 Devouring fish, flesh, fowl, whatever comes,
 Nor fear the ghosts of murder'd hecatombs.

Now where's the difference?—to th' impartial eye
 A leg of mutton and a human thigh
 Are just the same—for surely all must own
 Flesh is but flesh, and bone is only bone;
 And tho' indeed, some flesh and bone may grow
 To make a monkey—some to make a beau,
 Still the materials are the same, we know.

Nor

* TALIACOTIUS.

Nor can our anatomic knowledge trace
 Internal marks distinctive of our race.— [of foes

WHENCE, then, these loud complaints—these hosts
 Combin'd, our useful labours to oppose?
 How long shall foolish prejudices reign?
 And when shall reason her just empire gain?

AH! full of danger is the up-hill road,
 That leads the youth to learning's high abode:
 His way thick mists of vulgar errors blind,
 And sneering satire follows close behind;
 Sour envy strews the rugged path with thorns,
 And lazy ignorance his labour scorns.

Is this a time, ye brethren of the knife,
 For civil contest and internal strife?
 When loud against us gen'ral clamours cry,
 And persecution lifts her lash on high?
 When government—that many headed beast—
 Against our practice rears her horrid crest,
 And, our nocturnal access to oppose,

Around the dead a penal barrier* throws?
 To crush our schools her awful pow'r applies,
 And ev'n forbids the gibbet's just supplies.†

YET in this night of darkness, storms and fears,
 Behold one bright benignant star ‡ appears—
 Long may it shine, and, e'er it's course is run,
 Increase, in size and splendour, to a sun!—
 Methinks I see this sun of future days,
 Spread far abroad his *diplomatic* rays—
 See life and health submit to his controul,
 And, like a planet, *death* around him roll.

METHINKS I see a stately fabric rise,
 Rear'd on the skulls of these our enemies;
 I see the bones of our invet'rate foes
 Hang round it's walls in scientific rows.
There solemn sit the learned of the day
 Dispensing death with uncontroled sway,

And

* A LAW past at New York, making it penal to steal bodies from the burial ground.

† THE wheelbarrow law of Pennsylvania.

‡ THE Medical College.

And by *prescription* regulate with ease
The sudden crisis or the slow disease.

THEN shall physicians their millenium find,
And reign the real sov'reigns of mankind:
Then shall the face of this vile world be chang'd,
And nature's healthful laws all new arrang'd—
In min'ral powders all her dust shall rise,
And all her insects shall be Spanish flies:
In medicated potions streams shall flow,
Pills fall in hail-storms, and sharp salts in snow;
In ev'ry quagmire bolusses be found,
And slimy cataplasms spread the ground—
Nature herself assume the chymist's part,
And furnish poisons unsublim'd by art.

THEN to our schools shall wealth in currents flow,
Our theatres no want of subjects know;
Nor laws nor mobs th' Anatomist shall dread,
For graves shall freely render up their dead.



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